PES FOR KEEPING
—A—
d at Home Evenings,
DAY'S EVENING WORLD.

The EVENING EDITION The World.

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THE STORY OF A BURGLAR
WHICH HAS BEEN
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF
WILL APPEAR IN
THE SUNDAY WORLD.

ONE CENT. NEW YORK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1889. PRICE ONE CENT.

CEMAN'S LOT.

Opinions Regarding the Life of a Blue-Coat.

"The Finest" Who Are Very Well Satisfied.

s Declare It to Be a Thankless, Tiresome Position.

eresting Canvass Among the Stalart Guardians of the Peace.

enterprising burglar's not a-burgling, cut-throat is not occupied in crime, to hear the little brook a-gurgling, listen to the merry village chime. e peddler's finished jumping on his her s to lie a-basking in the sun.

CHORUS.

ke one consideration with another, ceman's lot is not a happy one. constabulary duty's to be done, oliceman's lot is not a happy one.

ion's not engaged in his employment, aring his felonious little plans, acity for innocent enjoyment as great as any honest man's. lings we with diffiently smother constabulary duty's to be done.

CHORUS.

take one consideration with another, oliceman's lot is not a happy one, en constabulary duty's to be done, e policeman's lot is not a happy one.

e are hundreds of applicants for appment on the police force every year, and n be found in every considerable who just ache to don the blue and brass and wear numbers on their hats.

The policeman's pay is not larger than is received for any service requiring a similar or equal intelligence and talent, but the work is a sure thing once it is obtained; it's twelve months in the year, and the policeman need never worry for fear his month's pay will not be forthcoming.

"Why you direct me to the Crystal Palace?" said a mild little old man who had just alighted, travelling-bag in hand, from a Cortlandt street ferry. He addressed a very young policeman in a brand-new uniform, and added: "I haven't been in New York in nearly forty years, but if I could see the Crystal Palace and the town I know I could get my bearings."

"Say, you've got me!" ejaculated the blue-coat in reply. "Just wait till I go over and ask that other copper. I ain't been on the force but a few months."

After a moment the young policeman returned and informed the stranger that the Crystal Palace did stand at Forty-second street and Sixth avenue, but it was burned down in 1856, adding: "that was just five years before I was born. Bryant Park is there now."

The proceeding was typical of the New York "copper." He is a regular walking encyclopædia, a peripatetic map of the city; a bureau of information; a guide-post for the unsophisticated, and a guardian of the weak. He gives information cheerfully and carefully.

CHARLIE KEMP IS SATISFIED.

Policeman Charlie Kemp, who laid down the reporter's pencil to take up the locust, stood at the corner of Sixth avenue and Thirtieth street, dreamily humming in his rich tenor voice, "The policeman's lot is not a happy one," when he was interrupted by an EVENING WORLD reporter with the query: "Isn't it? Why are you so discontented?"

"Isn't what?"

"Isn't the policeman's lot a happy one?"

"Well, I should say! Happy? Blissful, my boy, blissful! Why right here in this precinct it's elegant. Don't we pass our days among the Sixth avenue shoppers? The most beautiful women, the loveliest, sweetest girls and the best dressers in the world?"

Now that was the rosy view of the slim and slick young man.

Let us hear Sergt. Timms, of Capt. Reilly's station.

Sergt. Timms is as round and as rosy as a typical boniface, and as grand and philosophical as a Solon. As an officer he has grown old in years.

SERGT. TIMMS'S OPINION.

"Ha, ha!" says Timms. "It's only a philosopher that has a happy lot any way. The policeman who understands and does his duty has a happy lot. The man who wants to do nothing and draw his pay has not a happy lot. It's a dog's life. It's a way to earn a living, and not a very bad way, I think."

"What do you say, Sergt. Sheldon?" asked the reporter of the slender, rather delicate man, with soft, dark whiskers and bright eyes, who sat behind the desk.

PHILOSOPHICAL SERGT. SHELDON.

"Hum! Well, between colds in the head and chilblains, having his buttons ripped off his coat and getting his nose smashed by ruffians, risking his life for others and taking nip-and-tuck chances all the time, I think the policeman has a fairly exciting life of it, and to some that is a happy lot, while to others it isn't.

"The policeman is subject to all kinds of duty. He has no time at home except that he has a day and a night with his family once a month, and what is called a day off every forty-eight hours. But the day off is preceded by six hours of patrolling, and followed by another six hours, so that though it seems sometimes at midnight and sometimes at 6 or 8 o'clock in the morning, the officer is most likely to spend it in sleep or, perhaps, in appearing before the Grand Jury or as a witness in court or in arraigning a prisoner before a Police Justice.

"I do not believe there is any other class of men subject to so much temptation of every decription as the policemen. Out in all sorts of weather, in light or deepest darkness, I wonder that their nerve does not give out and that they do not fall by the way.

"Their hours of rest are only nominally so, for they are on reserve and may be sent to quiet a drunken husband, look after a fire, stand at a theatre door for four hours, keep the walks clear about a street fakir or Punch and Judy show, or do any one of a hundred other things. A policeman is always on duty, and always in danger."

POLICEMAN CROSS LIKES IT.

Adam Cross, of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station, thinks the policeman's lot is on the whole, quite a happy one, though in his first week in uniform his chubby, boyish form was tumbled into a cellarway by a gang of hoodlums that he tried to disperse. Perhaps his good opinion of the life might have been induced by quick promotions, for he has been a sergeant since his third year on the force.

SERGT. SCHMITTBERGER THINKS IT HARD.

Big, broad-shouldered and great-hearted Sergt. Max Schmittberger, of the Tenderloin District, looked grave, and a big sigh escaped from his bosom as he reflected on the reporter's question.

"I think that there is no harder or more thankless task than that of the policeman," he replied.

"I've been a patrolman, detective and sergeant these many years, and my experience has been varied.

"There are odd and sometimes pleasant happenings to a copper, though. A few years ago I had one of my prisoners tumble and die in my arms at Jefferson Market Police Court.

It was Jennie O'Brien, a chambermaid at the Sturtevant House, who had been stealing. She had heart disease and the prospect of prison killed her.

"And once a colored girl, given a lodging here, gave birth to a boy baby during the night, and she named it Max, after me.

"Billy Florence played it on me once, too. A private detective brought a man in, saying he was Randolph Hastings, a famous confidence man, and that Ed Stokes would be over presently to make a complaint against him.

"After a while Detective Brett came in. He shook hands cordially with Hastings, calling him Billy. I took him in a corner and asked him if he recognized the prisoner.

"'Prisoner!' said he; 'why, that's Billy Florence!'

"There's lots of excitement and some fun in the policeman's life, but I don't think his lot is a happy one," concluded the big Sergeant, "especially to a man with a wife and four children. I don't see 'em only at dinner time, and then I get excused."

JOHN GENORE SAYS "NO."

John Genore, the handsome "peeler" who guides the footsteps of the ladies across Sixth avenue at Fourteenth street, might be expected to take a very cheerful view of life. But he promptly declared that the policeman's lot was anything but a happy one.

"I am on duty from 8 to 6 o'clock six days in the week. I have my nights to myself, but if you crossed and recrossed this avenue in the mud three or four hundred times a day, as I do, you would hardly feel sociable or companionable when you got home to your wife at night."

Other policemen and officers were questioned, to which they gave replies as follows:

SUPT. MURRAY'S OPINION.

Supt. Murray—It is a very happy one where love of the work and a strict attention to duty prevail. Laziness and laxity in discipline make a policeman's lot a very disagreeable one to himself and his family.

DESIRABLE, SAYS INSPECTOR BYRNES.

Chief Inspector Byrnes—It is and it is not. There is often great responsibility and grinding work that frequently makes the lot a disagreeable one, but in the main, a policeman's lot is very desirable.

WHAT INSPECTOR STEERS THINKS.

Inspector Steers—When in pursuit of a burglar you fall from a roof and receive permanent injuries, the pleasure is stung deeply by pain, but when faithful discharge of duty is rewarded with promotion it is somewhat different. It depends upon the individual whether his lot is happy or miserable.

INSPECTOR WILLIAMS'S EXPERIENCE.

Inspector Williams—My experience proves both sides of the problem. Pursued by enemies and forced to stand trial after trial, with heavy legal expenses, for imaginary errors, it is not a happy one; but when you emerge from your trials with flying colors and a higher position is awarded you, then it is the reverse. To the faithful policeman the lot is full of happiness.

CONTENTED INSPECTOR CONLIN.

Inspector Conlin—I think, generally, the lot of a policeman is a happy one—at least, such is my experience. The associations are agreeable, the work is pleasant and the hope of reward is present always when duty is performed faithfully.

HAPPY SERGT. HARLEY.

Sergt. Harley—Why should it not be a happy one? I have found it to be so.

BOTH SIDES OF THE CASE.

Sergt. J. K. Price—Well, it is both—happy where you receive promotion, and quite the reverse where persecution forces you to go before the Commissioners on numberless trumped-up charges of neglect of duty.

SERGT. KELLIHER HAS NO FAULT TO FIND.

Sergt. Kelliher—It is a happy lot on the average. The work suits me and I have no fault to find.

DEPENDS ON THE MAN.

Property-Clerk Harriot—It is not a happy one when a man walks the pavement for a score of years without promotion. But whose fault is it? Inefficiency and lack of ambition will keep any man down.

GOOD FOR VETERANS.

Chief Clerk Kipp—The lot of a policeman is a very happy one, especially if he is a veteran, for then the age of sixty years possesses no terrors for him.

VERY MONOTONOUS WORK.

Sergt. Farley, of the Fourth Precinct—There is no real hard work about it, but it is very monotonous. The hours are very irregular, and he can't depend on being free to go where he likes. He never knows when he will be called to duty.

Detective Clark—Yes, it is. To be sure, there is some hard work in our line, and the hours are not confined to any stated time; but it has its advantages, like everything else.

LIFE IS WHAT THEY MAKE IT.

Officer McCabe, whose post is at the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets—The policeman's life is a happy one. Life is what we make it, and unless a person is determined to be miserable they can enjoy life as well as anybody. There are some disadvantages in our business, but on the whole, I should say it was a happy one.

ALMOST SLAVES.

Officer Steve Dean—It is not a happy one. There is a great deal of hard work, and a man in the business is little better than a slave.

THINKS IT EASY.

Officer Callahan, Fulton Market—Yes, the life is easy, and a man can enjoy himself if he wants to. I consider it easy.

ANYTHING BUT HAPPY.

Officer Clarker—Happy? I should say not. It is everything else but happy. The men have to be out in all sorts of weather, and they never know when they are going to be called on to do active duty. If an officer happens to be a married man it is still worse, as the time which he can enjoy in the company of his family is exceedingly short.

DOESN'T LIKE NIGHT WORK.

Officer Volk, of the Broadway Squad—I am as happy as a clam at high tide, but night work is not likely to make the average copper happy.

HE IS CONTENTED.

Patrolman Tom Kelly, of the Fourteenth Precinct—There are many pleasant experiences in a policeman's life that go towards making him just as happy as the average man and sometimes a little happier. I feel well contented as a rule.

HAPPY BY COMPARISON.

Hugh O'Rourke, of the same precinct—The policeman in a great city like ours sees so much misery and distress that I think he is generally well contented with his lot, hard as it is.

Sergt. John Gallagher, of the Fourteenth Precinct—When not engaged in assisting to quell a riot, lug a drunken man or woman to the station-house, stop the bullets from a burglar's pistol, or having his clothes torn off his back by some tough prisoner, I think the average copper is a happy fellow.

HAS ITS DISAGREEABLE SIDES.

Peter Farney, of the Fourth Precinct—I think I feel as well contented as anybody outside the police business. Our vocation is not without its troublesome and disagreeable episodes, to say nothing of occasional dangers; but on the whole, I think the average policeman is a pretty jolly sort of a fellow.

MAKE THEMSELVES HAPPY.

John McCarthy, of the Sixth Precinct—I think you will find as big a heart in a New York policeman as in any human being. Such men make themselves contented, and I believe they are, with few exceptions, happy.

CONTENTED AND HAPPY.

Frank Hagan, of the Fourteenth street—I have made it a point to content myself, and am, therefore, as happy as a policeman can be when not engaged in some very disagreeable duty.

SHOULD BE CONTENTED.

Officer Edwards, of the Fourteenth Precinct—As long as one follows the calling of a policeman he should be contented and, therefore, happy.

HAPPY, AS A RULE.

Patrick Gray, of the Twentieth Precinct—As a rule, I think the life of a policeman as happy as that of any one who toils for a living.

HAPPY BY CONTRAST.

John Shea, of the Sixth Precinct—By contrasting his experiences with those he daily sees in others, I believe the life of a policeman is a happier one on the whole than he is generally credited with.

A DISCIPLE OF MARK TAPLEY.

James Timoney, of the Fourteenth Precinct—I am happy because it is best for me. A policeman should be happy in spite of himself or any other man.

SHOULD NOT BE DISCONTENTED.

Patrick Bulger, of the Fourteenth Precinct—It won't do for a policeman to be discontented and unhappy, for he sees enough misery in others to make him feel that he is not so badly off as he might be, and consequently he should be happy.

In response to numerous requests the SUNDAY WORLD will contain a faithful double column picture of THE WORLD'S great humorist, Edgar W. Nye. The cut will be made from a recent photograph, approved by Mr. Nye, so far as that over-modest gentleman can discern anything in the features worthy of his approval.

The Real Bill Nye.

DAVITT'S SPEECH ENDED.

Judge Hannen Compliments the Irish Leader in Court.

LONDON, Oct. 31.—Michael Davitt continued his speech before the Parnell Commission today. He said that Farragher, who had been a clerk of the Land League, but who had turned informer and testified for the *Times*, had been unable to prove the assertion made by Attorney-General Webster that the League had advanced money for the committal of outrages and crimes. Mr. Davitt regretted that all the Land League books had not been found. They had disappeared, he said, during the confusion consequent upon the suppression of the League, but the National League books which had been produced revealed nothing unconstitutional. He denounced the publication of the alleged facsimile letters by the *Times* as an attempt at the moral assassination of the political character of a public man which was unparalleled by the action of any political party in the history of any country. He ridiculed the idea that the *Times* was not aware of Pigott's antecedents until he testified before the Commission.

Mr. Davitt concluded his speech by appealing to the Court to say that the *Times* had not proved its charges against the men who were striving to end the Anglo-Irish question.

When Mr. Davitt had finished, Presiding Justice Hannen complimented him upon the ability displayed in his speech and thanked him for the assistance he had given the Court.

Sir Henry James then began his speech in behalf of the *Times*. Sir Henry's address was of a historical character. He denied that any injustice to Ireland existed which justified the present attitude of the Irish Nationalists. He referred at great length to the measures which have been adopted during the last half century to improve the condition of that country.

DUBLIN, Oct. 31.—The *Irish Times* says that Mr. Parnell has had a conference with the Speaker of the House of Commons relative to the best mode of executing his intention at the next session of Parliament of trying to establish the complicity of the Government in the attacks made by the London *Times* on the Parnellite party.

Fractured His Brother's Skull.

Samuel Coupe, aged seventeen years, had a fight with his brother Joseph, aged nineteen years, at their home, corner of Tenth avenue and One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street, at 9.30 o'clock last night. Samuel struck his brother on the head with an ink-bottle, fracturing his skull. The wound may prove fatal. Samuel was subsequently arrested by the police of the West One Hundred and Fifty-second Street Precinct and locked up.

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An Ex-Convict's Story

FOR THE FAIR.

A Subcription Now Makes Any Citizen a Shareholder in the Exposition.

Three Million Dollars Still Wanted for the Preliminary Fund.

"The World" Leading the Way with Over $40,000 in Popular Subscriptions.

To-Day's Additions to the Million and a Half Promised by New Yorkers.

"Let but the rich merchants of New York be thoroughly aroused to the necessity for the World's Fair, and that $5,000,000 fund will be finished in five days."

This was the prediction when Mayor Grant issued his earnest appeal for subscriptions.

Eight days have passed and still there is a chance for every citizen to invest in the great Exposition of 1892.

Active work is being done by the Finance Committee among the trades and professions, and their appeals are expected to bear abundant fruit.

At the opening of the books this morning the record of subscriptions was:

Thursday, Oct. 24	$500,000
Friday, Oct. 25	251,307
Saturday, Oct. 26	122,148
Monday, Oct. 28	264,071
Tuesday, Oct. 29	403,508
Wednesday, Oct. 30	240,098
Thursday, Oct. 31	104,042
Informally pledged	30,000
Grand total	$1,820,164

THE WORLD'S Fund was still more than double that of any other newspaper, standing as follows:

Previously acknowledged	$27,310
Daniel Sheffin, livery-stable proprietor and undertaker, Nos. 11 -114 East One Hundred and Sixth street	5,000
Herman Koehler, No. 1617 Fourth avenue	1,000
James O'Conner, liquor dealer, corner One Hundred and Twelfth street and Madison avenue	1,200
H. N. Singhi, merchant, No. 2039 Third avenue	1,000
Charles W. Teague, No. 2025 Third avenue	250
James McGinley, oyster dealer and restaurant, No. 2016 Third avenue	500
Perry Byrnes, Mount Kisco, N. Y.	2,500
James Roberts, St. Nicholas avenue and One Hundred and Tenth street	500
H. S. Cates, No. 1698 Ninth avenue	50
James McCabe, No. 1622 Ninth avenue	50
Peter W. Beyer, No. 1556 Ninth avenue	50
Charles L. Mayer, No. 1538 Ninth avenue	50
John Miller, No. 1983 Seventh avenue	50
James Quinn, No. 1372 Third avenue	25
F. A. Felly, No 1669 Ninth avenue	25
G. L. Stahl, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Ninth avenue	25
Patrick O'Brien, No. 1505 Third avenue	5
Theodore A. Kohn & Son, No. 56 West Twenty-third street	500
C. Moulis, oyster dealer, No. 155 West Twenty-eighth street	500
John Sweeny, No. 2016 Third avenue	100
Total	$40,699

The following were received this morning at THE WORLD office:

Lee Von Raven, 11 Park Row	$500
A. Lippmann, 11 Park Row	10
William Rosenbach, 11 Park Row	10
Charles Nepel, 11 Park Row	10
J. Brinding, 11 Park Row	10
Salo Chapsley, 11 Park Row	5
Newman Marks, 11 Park Row	5
G. Brading, 11 Park Row	5
William R. Golding, 9 Leroy street	10

The Stock Exchange received the following to-day:

Harvey Fiske & Son	$5,000

These substantial subscriptions were received too late for publication yesterday:

Phelps, Dodge & Co.	$25,000
James McCreery & Co.	10,000
Charles Scribner's Sons	5,000
W. C. Whitney	10,000
Royal Baking Powder Co.	2,000
Colgate & Co.	3,000

E. I. Horsman, of William street, representative of the toy trade on the General Committee, sent the following letter to the Mayor:

Enclosed pleased find my check for $537.65 as my contribution to the Preliminary Fund. I have spent considerable time making a personal canvass among the toy and fancy goods trade, and have called a meeting to be held at the Stationers' Board of Trade rooms, No. 99 Nassau street, at 4 o'clock to-day.

There is a strong feeling in regard to using any portion of Central Park, and it is a great stumbling block in the way of obtaining subscriptions. I therefore consider it of the utmost importance that the Committee take immediate action and make it a positive announcement whether or not any part of it shall be used.

Geo. Borgfeidt, of 425 Broome street, wrote:

I beg to state that I will do everything in my power to raise subscriptions to the World's Fair as soon as the Committee will pledge itself not to use Central Park.

According to my humble judgment, and that of hundreds of my friends, the $5,000,000 Fund could be collected in a few days if this guaranty were given.

THE SUNDAY WORLD'S IDEA CONTEST HAS CAUSED EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. SUGGESTIONS ARE COMING IN FROM EVERY STATE AND TERRITORY. THE HAVE YOU THE BRIGHT MINDS OF $1,000 IDEA? MONTREAL, QUEBEC AND OTHER CANADIAN CITIES HAVE ALSO ENTERED THE LISTS. FULLY 25,000 SUGGESTIONS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED THIS WEEK, MAKING ABOUT 50,000 SUGGESTIONS THUS FAR ENTERED IN THE COMPETITION. READ THE IDEAS IN THE SUNDAY WORLD.

BITTER WARFARE.

Charges and Counter Charges by Chiefs of Both Political Factions.

Judge Power Calls Bourke Cockran's Charge a Lie.

Johnny O'Brien Making the Great Fight of His Life in the Eighth.

Faster and more furious rages the local political battle—Tammany Hall fighting desperately to maintain her supremacy, and her allied enemies, the County Democrats and Republicans, exerting every effort to accomplish her defeat.

Tammany's mass-meeting has been held with the usual "hurrah," and Tammany's fervid orators have lashed their opponents with sharp tongues for their "perfidious alliance" with the common enemy and have denied the Democracy of the Counties.

The Counties also have ratified, and, like Tammany, have declared undying fealty to the State ticket, at the same time asserting it to be dangerous to allow the Wigwamites to obtain further control in municipal affairs, and justifying any combination to prevent such a consummation.

To-night the Republicans ratify at Cooper Union, and Dr. Chauncey M. Depew will expatiate on the merits of the Republicans nominated for State officers and on the beautiful proportions of the fusion County ticket.

Ex-Congressman W. Bourke Cockran's earnest declaration made to 4,000 Tammany men last night to the effect that Judge Maurice J. Power had confessed to Chairman Griffin, of the Democratic State Committee, that a deal to elect a Republican in the Eighth Senate District had been made, and he could not recede from it without endangering the chances of electing Democrats on the anti-Tammany county ticket, created a great furor among politicians to-day.

Judge Power himself, when seen, denounced Mr. Cockran's statement as "an absolute lie," and said that what he had told Chairman Griffin was that it was too late for arbitration in the Eighth Senate District matter, "owing to complications which had arisen through Tammany Hall's arrogant action."

This alleged confession of a deal by which Thomas C. Platt holds Judge Power and the County Democracy bound in the matter of legislative nominations, has started other rumors regarding the pledges said to have been extorted from some of the County Democracy nominees.

One is to the effect that Frederick W. Diehl, who has been made the fusion candidate for Senator in the Seventh District, was interviewed by Wm. P. Mitchell and Police Justice Patterson prior to his nomination, and that they attempted to prevail on him to promise that, if elected, he would vote for the Republican candidate for United States Senator next year.

With all these charges on the part of Tammany, it is not to be wondered at that the Counties make an occasional offensive movement themselves, and their latest reflects rather severely on Excise Commissioner Edward T. Fitzpatrick.

Mr. Fitzpatrick is the Tammany leader in the Fourth Assembly District, and is earnest in his endeavor to secure the re-election of Senator Grady.

To acomplish this end he is charged with having used his office to influence the saloon keepers of his district for Grady, and to have called them together at his residence in Gouverneur street to tell them how much he would like to have Grady supported by them.

Grady's opponent, John F. Ahearn, resides in this Assembly District and is the County Democracy leader.

Naturally he has a great many friends among the saloon-keepers, and they, led by ex-Alderman Thomas Shields, have declared that they will support Ahearn, no matter what form Commissioner Fitzpatrick's displeasure at their action may assume.

Although Commissioner Fitzpatrick is alleged to have made no threats, the incident is being made much of by the Counties, and they claim that it has greatly enhanced Ahearn's chances for election.

John J. O'Brien is now engaged in the greatest battle of his life, and he declares that it will result in such an overwhelming defeat of his enemies that he will never more be the recipient of a rebuff such as was given him when he applied for admittance to the Republican State Convention at Saratoga.

Johnny is sticking close to his business this campaign, and his business is politics.

He is everywhere in the Eighth Assembly District encouraging his following to every effort, and he proposes to relax not one iota in interest until the battle royal at the polls is decided Tuesday night.

His chief lieutenants are exultant as with a victory already won, and assert that O'Brien's independent candidates, Assemblyman "Silver Dollar" Smith and Alderman Christian Goetz, will have 2,000 majority over all other candidates.

The "Regular" Republicans, they say, won't have 500 votes, and the Republican State Committee will then see the mistake they committed when they left Johnny and his fighting men outside the breastworks.

NELL NELSON HAS WRITTEN A STORY OF THE METROPOLITAN UNDERCURRENT, AS EXEMPLIFIED BY THE CARE OF THE 15-YEAR-OLD WIFE OF MURDERER McELVAINE, WHICH WILL ASTONISH HUMANITARIANS. IT WILL APPEAR IN THE SUNDAY WORLD.

Mrs. McElvaine's Story.

Fired Forty Rounds at Ten Paces.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 1.—The steamboat Sue, of the Potomac Transportation Line, arrived here yesterday with two wounded oyster-dredgers on board. C. A. Neal, acting commander of the Maryland State sloop Katie Hines, explains how the men were wounded: "Wednesday we discovered the sloop Vendie, of Onancook, Va., dredging on Old Bag Lar, in St. Clement's Bay, St. Mary's County. I sailed down on her and commanded the captain, Frank Summers, to heave to, which he positively refused to do. I ordered my men to open fire upon the sloop. About forty rounds were fired from Winchesters at ten paces. My intention was to sink the sloop without causing any bloodshed, but during the last round of firing two of the crew were slightly wounded."

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REVOLT AT DALY'S.

Actor Lackaye Breaks His Contract with the Mighty Manager.

He Says He Was Treated Arrogantly and Unjustly.

The Last Straw Came When He Was Cast for Oliver in "As You Like It.

Wilton Lackaye has gone from Daly's Theatre.

Nobody will be in the least surprised, for it was generally believed that his stay there would be a very short one.

When Mr. Lackaye first told managers about town that he had signed a contract with Mr. Daly they were aghast.

Mr. Lackaye has been drawing big salaries, and, as he is a favorite, can continue to do so. During the present season, which has only just begun, he has been seen in "Featherbrain," "Bootles' Baby," "Roger la Honte" and "Shenandoah." He was, it is said, to get $50 per week at Daly's, which is considered a very large salary for a newcomer at that house.

"Break your contract, my boy," said a manager to Lackaye before the season opened. "If you ever happen to offend Daly—and you'll do it—you'll sink down so low in his company that at the end of the year you'll be forgotten."

"Shall I?" asked Lackaye, afraid. "How can I break the contract?"

"All you've got to do is to speak to a newspaper man."

Lackaye, however, bided his time. When "Shenandoah" was produced he accepted a part in it, as it was given before his contract with Daly began. But he was notified from "the home of American comedy" not to accept the "Shenandoah" engagement. He did so, however, claiming that he could do as he liked until, by the terms of his contract with Daly, that manager owned his body and soul.

This annoyance first began when he was cast for the blood and thunder melodrama, "Roger La Honte," now at Niblo's. Mr. Lackaye was to play an inferior part, that of an old man, and didn't like the idea at all. He was on his mettle, however, and after the first performance of "Roger La Honte" it was generally acknowledged that he had completely walked away with the honors, leaving even Terriss, the star of the company, out in the cold world.

It is said that this made Daly angry, and that he was particularly set against Lackaye's responding to the curtain calls which he invariably received at the end of the third act.

Then Mr. Lackaye was withdrawn from "Roger La Honte" and cast in "The Great Unknown," now at Daly's. His "card," however, appeared in one of the dramatic papers, which was, of itself, a very suspicious circumstance. Nobody inserts cards in dramatic papers unless there is some reason why they want managers to know their address. And why should a member of Daly's company, who intended to remain at such, desire his address to be known? It was unusual, abnormal. The mencers of Daly's Theatre, though this is not understood to be specified on the contract, are not presumed to have addresses.

When Mr. Daly was casting "As You Like It," which is to be his next Shakesperian production, Lackaye said to a friend "What's the matter with me playing Orlando?"

"Nothing," was the answer; "but John Drew will play it." "You'll get Jaques."

Lackaye was disappointed, but even Jaques, he reflected, was not so bad. There was the "All the world's a stage" to be uttered, and plenty of other opportunities. Even Jaques, however, was denied to Mr. Lackaye. He was cast for Oliver, and this was too much.

He protested against the part very vigorously. He was told that he must play the part or leave the theatre. He chose what he considered to be the lesser evil and resigned his position yesterday, his part in "The Great Unknown" being played last night by Frederick Bond.

Mr. Richard Dorney, Daly's factotum, who receives applicants and grievance-mongers, and who on one occasion when an actor asked for an engagement replied: "We only employ colored men for ushers," told him to pack up his traps and leave the theatre at once.

He did go. Last night he tried to gain admittance to the front of the house, and bought a ticket. He was not permitted to enter. He was told by Mr. Dorney that if he did come in, Daly would discharge the young man who sold the ticket.

Lackaye has plenty to say about Daly's management, but the readers of THE EVENING WORLD know a great deal about it already, and what Lackaye has to say would not be news to them.

THE TRUE STORY OF A SING SING CONVICT, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, WILL APPEAR IN THE SUNDAY WORLD. IT GIVES HIS THRILLING EXPERIENCE AS A BURGLAR AND SUGGESTS TO HOUSEHOLDERS THE BEST WAY TO PROTECT THEMSELVES FROM SUCH MARAUDERS.

An Ex-Convict's Story

Another Victim of Yale Typhoid.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 31.—Charles E. Brainard, son of Leverett Brainard, died this afternoon, adding another fatality to the Yale University typhoid outbreak. He was a popular member of the Junior class, twenty years old. He was taken sick two weeks ago and was immediately brought home. William H. St. John, a classmate of Brainard, is also home, sick with the same disease, but his case is not considered critical.

THE SUNDAY WORLD has secured from Buffalo Bill a Paris letter giving his opinions about France and French men. Incidentally he tells some of his very interesting experiences as a showman at Paris.

Buffalo Bill on Paris.

Rube Burrows Still Defies Arrest.

[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.]

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 1.—Rube Burrows was again overtaken by a posse under the command of the Sheriff of Blount County yesterday near Springville, in that county. Shots were exchanged, but no one was killed, and Burrows escaped unhurt. Sheriff Morris telegraphed here for assistance, and several extra detectives were sent him.

An interesting interview with the great French Novelist, Zola, by the Baroness Salva, he talks of his school of fiction and says the novel of the future will be a novel of Socialism.

Interview with Zola

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

MORE HATFIELD BLOOD.

Mrs. James Brown Shot by a McCoy Gang in Ambush.

The Mountain War Will Now Become One for Extermination.

An Alliance of Hatfields and Blumfields Against the Common Foe.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

MILTON, W. Va., Nov. 1.—The great battle between the Hatfield-Blumfield party and the McCoys expected for the past two days is now believed to be close at hand.

The alliance with the Blumfields has put the Hatfields in shape for an aggressive campaign, which they mean to make one of extermination as far as the McCoys are concerned.

A preliminary skirmish which took place on Wednesday night has served to rouse the Hatfield party to the highest pitch of passion, for in the Wednesday night fight Mrs. James Brown, formerly Miss Hatfield, was killed and John Blumfield was dangerously wounded.

This skirmish occurred at Mrs. Brown's house at Pudges Creek, near the Guyandotte River.

A party of McCoys and Blumfields were on their way from Hun in ton with wagon loads of guns and ammunition, purchased for use in the mountain war, and had stopped at Mrs. Brown's for supper.

There were fifteen men in all, and while eating they were fired upon by a McCoy gang, who sent their volley through the windows of the house.

The men sprang for their rifles and returned the fire, but could do little in the dense darkness.

People outside of the families at war have determined to call on the Governor for troops, hoping to stop the awful proceedings in the mountains.

It will be a hazardous undertaking for the militiamen, however, to venture among the fastnesses of which they know nothing, and which are so familiar to the desperate warring factions.

It is estimated that the Hatfields and Blumfields can now put into action at least 250 men.

THE SUNDAY WORLD IDEA CONTEST HAS CAUSED EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. SUGGESTIONS ARE COMING IN FROM EVERY STATE AND TERRITORY. THE HAVE YOU THE BRIGHT MINDS OF $1,000 IDEA? MONTREAL, QUEBEC AND OTHER CANADIAN CITIES HAVE ALSO ENTERED THE LISTS. FULLY 25,000 SUGGESTIONS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED THIS WEEK, MAKING ABOUT 50,000 SUGGESTIONS THUS FAR ENTERED IN THE COMPETITION. READ THE IDEAS IN THE SUNDAY WORLD.

DEBATING GERMANY'S BUDGET.

The Character as Well as the Magnitude of the Taxes Assailed.

BERLIN, Oct. 31.—The budget passed the first reading in the Reichstag to-day. Herr von Maltzahn, Secretary of State for the Imperial Treasury, replying to attacks on the sugar tax, held that protection and free trade were merely questions of expediency. For the present, he said, a return to free trade was impossible.

Herr von Boetticher, Secretary of State for the Interior, spoke of the continued increase of exports. Alluding to the prohibition of imports of swine, he said that the restriction was imposed solely for sanitary reasons. The advance in prices did not arise merely from this prohibition. Neighboring countries showed a similar advance, and there had been a concurrent general rise of wages.

Herr Richter, leader of the German Liberal party, denounced the enlarged war expenditures and attacked the colonial policy of the Government.

Herr von Benningsen, the National Liberal leader, defended the general policy of the Government. He extolled the improvements which had been made in the educational system and spoke of the bettered condition of all classes of the people, especially the working class.

The Socialist bill will be debated on Monday next.

A Tory-Socialist Programme.

LONDON, Oct. 31.—Lord Randolph Churchill, in a letter, urges the Conservatives during the coming session of Parliament to give prominence to the Land law, measures for the reform of workmen's dwellings, laborers' allotments and licensing and laws providing for shorter hours of labor and dealing with the "sweating" system. All these questions, he says, are rapidly ripening for practical legislation.

Dr. Peters Recalled.

BERLIN, Oct. 31.—The Emin Relief Committee has recalled Dr. Peters from East Africa.

BRUSSELS, Oct. 31.—The representatives of Belgium at the Anti-Slavery Conference will submit a proposal to levy a duty of 5 per cent. on all merchandise imported into the Congo State, the proceeds to be devoted to procuring the extinction of slavery.

Tariff Revision in Denmark.

COPENHAGEN, Oct. 31.—In the Rigsdag to-day the Premier gave notice of a bill to abolish the tariffs on coal, coffee, rice, tea, salt, raw iron and train oil; to reduce the duty on petroleum, and to increase the duties on wine, spirits, beer, tobacco, fruit, asparagus, flowers, spices, cakes, cocoa, boots and shoes.

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